Transfuse: First Blood

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/6369040.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Original Male Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Hannigram - Freeform, AU, Anal Sex, Fingering, cumming, Murder, Death, terrible coffe, Murder Husbands, Finger Sucking, First Times, top!Hannibal, Bottom!Will, vrigin!Will, Blood Kink, Fluff, murder fluff, domestic undertones, Domestic, Domesticity, Hair Pulling, Mental Health Issues
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Utopia
Stats:	Published: 2016-03-27 Words: 5,097 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

Hannibal closed his eyes and turned his lips to meet Will's forehead. "I've got you."

Two fingers became three as the cannibal tightened his grip on the ex-agent, his arm around his shoulder and hand covering the span of his throat, keeping him upright as he felt the younger man tremble under his touch.

He spread his fingers as he curled and thrust into Will's heat, the muscles slowly loosening as he quickened his pace and found that sensitive turn of flesh deep inside. His fingers narrowed their attention to abuse the newfound source of pleasure for the brunet. The cannibal's cruel lips parted and gasped Will's name that rolled rough and demanding over his tongue and past sharp teeth.

Notes

1) No Beta. Everything wrong is our own.
2) Sequel to Fire Lake: First Touch
3) Art added with permission from (and inspired by) Nowwheresmynut on tumblr and wheresmynut on twitter

Orange hued sunlight shone off the crystal clear, iced over water of the lake as Hannibal and Will drove, Hannibal in the driver's seat with Will in the passenger. The car was legally purchased, just as their tiny cabin. It was a small semblance of normalcy, to own things, to pretend that they weren't hiding out from the American police. Will grasped the strings of it tightly, as he knew, in time, everything would shift, and this feeling of perfection would slip right between even his most secure grasp.

Blue eyes scanned the horizon as they made their way into the town, a rare trip, and one Hannibal usually made alone. Curiosity got the better of the fisherman, though, and Will offered to keep Hannibal company this go around.

Call it a gut feeling; a notion Will often got--a premonition.

Hannibal said nothing as Will decided to join him. Although he always welcomed WIll's company it was a greater risk to be seen in public together.

Leather gloves gripped the steering wheel lightly as they navigated the desolate, icy roads into town, if you could call is that. A few run down buildings and a few shops with meager supplies. However, as Hannibal had no interest in luring anyone to him, not this time, he made do with what the town of Fire Lake had to offer.

As he scanned the horizon ahead he occasionally caught the image of Will as he sat beside him, a fine halo of gold shining through dark curls. A rough hand perched over soft lips as blue eyes saw without seeing. The blue of his eyes matching the eerie mist hovering over the lake beside. He was better fed now, the shadows under his eyes less pronounced. Hannibal was pleased to see Will absorbing his new life, practically brimming with it.

The car pulled in and parked neatly in the lot which was no much more than a slightly wider stretch of mud than the road they had just been travelling on, beside which was the general store. There was also a fishing store, should WIll feel so inclined. Outside of fishing there was little to do in Fire Lake but that suited both men just fine - for now.

Hannibal killed the engine and stepped out, pausing to look at the way the slush of mud and ice crept around his shoes with a faint look of disdain before pulling himself up to his full height and locking the door. He nodded at Will. The image of Will here, with him, in this place that felt like a world beyond worlds, was still so surreal, but felt so very right.

He offered a small smile, tugged off his gloves and waited for Will to catch up as he headed to the store.

"You should have bought boots like I told you," Will murmured to Hannibal as they entered, having noticed the distaste on Hannibal's face at the slushy mud.

They walked, and Will knew well enough to keep his head down, already covered in a grey beanie that he pulled on when he got out of the car, a color that made his blue eyes pop.

"Hm." Was all Hannibal responded. He had seen the boots they had for sale here in Fire Lake. He was not *quite* ready to sacrifice that much of himself to buy said... *boots* .

Just outside the general store were a few small rickety tables. Hannibal looked up at the clear blue sky and inhaled the crisp air as they walked. It had been a long time since they he had indulged in dining out. Although he had serious doubts over the quality of the coffee here, it was apparent that cabin fever was slowly setting in. As much as they both enjoyed the solitude and the quiet of their new home together, Will especially, breathing space now and again was healthy.

There was always the risk of being recognized but they would be living with that for the rest of their lives. Plus, their meat supplies were quickly running down, and there was only so much fish they could withstand.

“Black, one sugar, correct?” Hannibal arched a brow at Will, gesturing towards one of the tables.

Will followed Hannibal’s eyes to the table, then back to him, and nodded, with a little smile. Usually at the cabin he made his own coffee, but glad to see Hannibal remembered, or took notice. Will took a seat so that Hannibal could handle the coffee orders.

“Please.”

As Will’s lips curved up with a hint of a smile, Hannibal’s fingers brushed lightly over Will’s returning the expression of warmth before moving to order two coffees, two papers and a fishing magazine.

He folded the papers under his arm along with the magazine and carried the coffees out. He could tell just by scent alone that what was in these *styrofoam* cups was nothing better than dishwater, the beans were stale and the machine had not been cleaned and thus had burnt the grinds. However, he chose to say nothing, recalling Will’s smile.

Settling in beside Will he handed him his cup, paper and magazine as he settled back in the creaking chair and shook out his paper to read, taking a sip of the ghastly fluid. He gently set the cup down, the steam curling away in the frigid air as his interest was far more taken with stories regarding himself and Will - fugitives, still on the run. Agent feared dead. If sighted, do not approach. Contact this number. Jack’s face also featured. Hannibal was delighted.

“Am I dead yet?” Will asked, with a smirk, sipping his own coffee with a grimace, but managed through another one, while raising a brow at Hannibal, flipping through the magazine first. “Or still on the run with you?”

Hannibal smiled, eyes crinkling at the edges and lips parting to reveal sharp teeth as he crossed his legs and scanned down the page.

“Feared dead. Which can only mean Jack is still thoroughly in the dark about us, where we are, what we are.” Hannibal had to stifle a pleased chuckle. It was clear Molly had been wise and chosen to be blind. Even after all this he supposed she was probably still trying to protect him from Hannibal. Wise and so very, *very* blind.

“Although, you really should have told me about your...design, you left behind. Beautiful.” Hannibal sat up that bit straighter gazing at Will with a soft pride in his eyes. He could only imagine what poor Molly must have thought when she found it. Her perfect, innocent Will turned out to be a master crafter of murder tableaus.

Will wanted nothing to do with what he believed Molly thought of him, as he played a very good role in making sure she believed the very worst of him. She believed enough, but not all of it, as she hadn’t told Jack Will’s very sturdy hand in killing the Great Red Dragon. Will rapped his finger against the table as he sipped the sludge from his cup.

“You never asked.”

Hannibal folded the paper and clasped his hands in his lap, relaxing into his pose. “No, I suppose I didn’t. One could say I have been, distracted with other things.”

Taking another sip, and utilizing all of his self control - avoided wincing as he glanced around, aware now they were being watched.

“But perhaps now is not the time for such discussions.”

He smiled warmly at Will but the warmth did not reach his eyes, a silent warning to Will. But Hannibal did not move from where he sat. No sudden movements, no need to startle the prey - yet.

On guard since they left the house, Will was all too aware. He’d kept to conversation, he kept it light, and said nothing that would incriminate them one way or another.

“A discussion for home, then.” Will flipped through the fishing magazine, slowly, at a leisurely place, sipping his rancid coffee, toes against Hannibal’s toes of one foot.

Hannibal brushed his foot over Will’s just enough and canted his head, smiling warmly at his lover. Since their first touch it had been difficult to disconnect for any length of time.

“Hi! Doctor Lecter! It’s me, Gerard.” The young, bright-eye, curly haired man stepped right into Hannibal’s space, offering a hand. His fingers were thick and meaty and his skin pink and ruddy from the cold. “Gerard Thornbury?”

Hannibal set the paper aside and stood, taking the man’s hand, keeping him close as he shook with both hands. One hand gripped, the other gently clasped over the other.

“Of course, Gerard.” His tone was warm and low, expression nothing other than welcoming.

“Wow, I didn’t expect to see my fancy shrink out here in the middle of nowhere.” Gerard’s eyes shifted to Will, who narrowed his eyes on the man, and said nothing.

“How rude of me, Gerard, please meet John. A local I sometimes come up here to visit on my way through. I am surprised you two haven’t met if you live here now.”

“Oh yeah me, well you know. Had to get out of town and somehow ended up here. Not long ago now. Just an apartment up the road. Just above a shop. Nothing special. But better than back home. You know?” Gerard stumbled over his words with excitement as he rubbed over the back of his neck.

“Indeed.” Hannibal smiled and patted his hand, reassuring him that he understood him perfectly. “Have you managed to make some friends since moving here?”

Hannibal had treated Gerard for a number of years, the man growing somewhat attached and needy, as such, Hannibal had been forced to refer him on for the sake of his treatment. His

social anxiety and borderline personality disorder forever at odds making socializing more than difficult for the young man.

The man shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. “Nah, not yet. But you know...” He shrugged unable to think of how to finish his sentence in the face of the esteemed Doctor Lecter.

“Oh, well, we really must have you over for dinner before I leave. John?” Hannibal turned to Will with a smile, hands still holding Gerard’s.

Will’s contempt for the situation and the man were not idle, and it took everything in him to pull a straight laced face. The man had garnered attention now from the clerk inside, and Will didn’t like people watching them for longer than necessary.

“We’re… late, Hannibal,” Will stated, cooly, gathering the papers into one fist and tossing the molten sludge into a pile of snow, melting it into a brown puddle.

“Of course, John.” Hannibal took a slip of paper from his pocket along with a pen and handed them to Gerard who eagerly wrote down his number.

Hannibal tugged on his gloves as he waited and took the pen and paper back graciously. “Thank you Gerard. Accommodating as always. We hope to be seeing you very soon.”

He folded away the paper and slipped that along with his pen into his pocket and bowed goodbye to Gerard before scooping up his cup and following Will back to the car, who was fuming a little inside, but realizing slowly that Hannibal had less good intentions with his ex patient.

Licking his teeth, Will slid into the car and tossed the papers and magazine into the back, unceremoniously, letting them scatter about. Their car was hardly nice, though pristine on the inside, as Hannibal liked it kept.

Nothing more needed to be said as the papers flew about the backseat of the car when the doors closed behind them. Hannibal started the car and they drove in silence. A mile or so before reaching home Hannibal broke the tension that hung in the air.

“You knew this day would come. And it will come again.”

Fingers pressed against his lip, elbow seated on the door, Will watched the landscape go by, mulling over the things he knew they had to do, because this was their life, and if they wanted to keep it, there were sacrifices. Will already gave up enough.

“Does it get any easier?”

The car swung into the drive seamlessly and came to a halt. Hannibal switched off the engine and paused with his gloved hands resting on the steering wheel, looking at the shabby little house they had been holed up in and the vast, desolate landscape around.

Keeping his eyes ahead, “It is only as hard as you choose to make it.”

They had had this same conversation in many different ways at many different times. Will continued to hold fast to moral ground that was quickly eroding, always had been. Refusing to face the thing that lived under his skin. Layers upon layers, buried deep.

Hannibal turned his torso and tidied up the papers, folding them under his arm and stepped out of the car, waiting for Will to follow before heading indoors to start a fire and putting together recipes.

Will had only single-handedly killed three people in his lifetime, all of which stemmed, somehow, from Hannibal’s influence. However, inadvertently, he’d killed far more. He was, after all, Hannibal’s agency in the world, in or out of prison.

It made him no better, and the death of those people stained his hands just as much.

“Do you believe he’ll tell someone he saw you?” Will asked, following Hannibal in, close behind, shedding his jacket and then taking Hannibal’s as well, hanging them up.

The fire was just beginning to crackle now. Hannibal set a heavier log into place, the amber glow setting off his severe features.

There was a time when Hannibal was more prone to chance and curiosity but what he had here, with Will, was not something he wanted to toy with in such a way. At least not until they were out of the country but such a move was far too predictable so soon.

Moving back to the kitchen to start flicking through his recipe cards, one of the few things he’s been able to hide away for collection after escaping prison.

“It is not a matter of what I believe, Will.”

In all likelihood Gerard didn’t have anyone to tell but on the off chance he gained some kind of respite from his mental health issues he would be sure mention Doctor Lecter’s name, even if in bumbling passing to fill whatever awkward silence would surely befall any social interaction he found himself in.

As he kept focused on the cards, “Was it easy, to murder and mutilate Francis?” Hannibal made a point of humanizing the man by using his name, not his media nickname.

“Just as easy as it was to murder and mutilate Randall Tier,” Will answered, matter-of-factly, moving in next to Hannibal, hands in his pockets. He lifted his gaze from the cards to Hannibal. It wasn’t that Will didn’t enjoy it, it was that Will he found great peace and ease in it, that unsettled him.

Hannibal set the cards aside to turn all of his attention to Will, on hand resting on the bench as his head tilted ever so slightly forward, a few stray strands of grey hair falling over his eyes. “It would appear more that you can’t live with just *how* easy it is.”

Will reached over and moved the strands of hair back, fondly, stepping into Hannibal’s space where he’d given it to him in public, as they agreed so they did not draw attention.

“Maybe,” he said, brows raised for a short moment, considering the statement. “It’s hard to grasp.”

Hannibal smiled and caught Will’s hand bringing it down to kiss the palm and speak against the skin there, “That is because it is not something to be held, but let go of.” He draped WIll’s arm over his shoulder as he stepped forward, wrapping an arm around his waist. The warmth of the fire danced in his eyes as he looked over his lover so close up.

“How can I embrace it if I let it go?” He whispered, resting his forehead against Hannibal’s, their quiet intimacy breathtakingly sound as their bodies connected, even like this. Will had peace in himself with Hannibal, even when it should have been *wrong*.

Hannibal turned his head just enough to murmur against his stubbled cheek, “You don’t. You let it embrace you until you don’t notice it. Like it has always been there.” His hand tugged at Will’s shirt until long fingers could stroke warm skin that had been hidden under flannel. Hannibal’s lips now trailing closer towards his mouth.

Will pressed his own hand against Hannibal’s heart, aware that all his darkness resided there, and had been there since his sister’s death, perhaps longer. Perhaps it was her death that brought it out of him.

Just as his own had been brought out because of Hannibal. A circle, a lineage.

Canting his head just so, Will tucked strands of hair behind Hannibal’s ear and kissed him, lips meeting and parting against each other slowly, a soft slip of tongue. The fluid motions of their tongues back and forth, jaws opening to accommodate the increasing depth and hunger elicited a hum from the cannibal, long fingers tracing the dips of Will’s spine up to his shoulder blades and down again.

He only parted lips to catch his breath and Will’s hand as he guided him over to the fireplace. Both hands rising to cup his jaw and kiss him again, gently but just as deeply.

Somehow death and murder, and the speaking of, always brought them to this point, kissing and making out, tearing off each other’s clothes. Will’s fingers started first on Hannibal’s shirt, skimming tanned skin underneath, as their mouths locked together, and gasps of breath between moans were sounded.

Hannibal’s skin was glowing both with the light of the fire and the heat of Will’s tender touches. Too much was never enough. He quickly returned the favour, unbuttoning WIll’s shirt and as the younger man gasped and swallowed hard, Hannibal side stepped him to come to stand behind him. He kissed down his neck and shoulders as he slowly peeled back his shirt and pushed it down to reveal the agent’s pale but defined back. The cannibal took his time admiring the lines there with both lips and gentle touches, smiling at every breath and sound that passed the brunet’s lips.

Wrapping a firm arm around, Hannibal slowly eased him to lean back against the breadth of his hairy chest, deft fingers unbuckling and unbuttoning the younger man’s trousers. The cannibal’s lips chasing the thrumming pulse running-racing-under the sleek skin of his neck.

Fingers reached back behind him, grasping on to Hannibal's hip, tugging them against Will's ass, a slow grind forward as another gasp escaped the brunet's mouth, slacks and boxers dropping down to his ankles in a pool around his boots.

Hannibal leaned to murmur against the shell of WIll's ear. "Take them off."

Strong hands stroked down Will's perfectly sculptured and smooth back to cup his ass and gently press and stroke the pert cheeks, the cannibal basking in the rising heat of the other's skin.

Will had to *bend* down to untie his boots and then toed them off, ass rubbing against Hannibal's hips, against the obvious outline of his cock through his slacks. He kicked everything to the side and shrugged his shirt off, tipping his head back to kiss Hannibal torridly. Hannibal, struck by silent awe, made no sound as he took every advantage of the curves presented to him, fingers dipping and skimming. However, a groan escaped the good Doctor's lips as the ex-agent twisted himself to kiss with such fervor. Another invitation. The cannibal sucked on his soft, pink tongue and clamped a hand over Will's long and elegantly twisted neck - holding him in place as long fingers grew more bold tracing the rim of his hole.

Another groan escaped Will, muffled by Hannibal's mouth as he bit them into his lips and tongue, toes inching out as his legs spread, thighs parting his cheeks, grinding back against Hannibal's capable and needed fingers.

Although this was not yet something they had shared together, such actions and sounds were enough to encourage Hannibal to lick over and thoroughly wet his fingers and holding Will firmly in place, push one surgically precise finger in just far enough to breach the tight, velvety-warm muscle. Both men now groaning and panting wantonly to the air.

Panting just against Hannibal's mouth, Will gazed at him, palms flat against his thighs now as he grasped to hold onto something as Hannibal's fingers kept sliding in, further and further, incredibly tight, and yet leaving the ex-agent wanting *more.*

Hannibal memorized every moment of this, every flutter of his eyes, flex of his jaw, roll of his tongue and soft pants. The way rough fingers dug into his unyielding thighs and the way his expression begged for more despite how hard he clenched around his fingers.

"Breathe." Hannibal whispered softly against his lips as he pushed his fingers in that *bit* further and curled them just that *bit* more. He started to slide them in and out, seeking that tender ridge of flesh that waiting and virgin for the cannibal to wake.

Will's hips rocked back, seeking friction of that spot, cock hard against his belly, dripping pre-cum down the ridges of the head and his hips as he bit Hannibal's mouth, and then pressed his forehead against his cheek, *breathing* .

"Hannibal-"

Hannibal closed his eyes and turned his lips to meet Will's forehead. "I've got you."

Two fingers became three as the cannibal tightened his grip on the ex-agent, his arm around his shoulder and hand covering the span of his throat, keeping him upright as he felt the younger man tremble under his touch.

He spread his fingers as he curled and thrust into Will's heat, the muscles slowly loosening as he quickened his pace and found that sensitive turn of flesh deep inside. His fingers narrowed their attention to abuse the newfound source of pleasure for the brunet. The cannibal's cruel lips parted and gasped Will's name that rolled rough and demanding over his tongue and past sharp teeth.

Will brought one hand around to his own cock and started to stroke himself in time with Hannibal's abusing fingers, hips canting into his fist, and then back against Hannibal's fingers, seeking perfect friction in every direction. Low pants became bated breaths and hefty moans.

The cannibal's gaze traced every stroke of Will's fist, a low groan crawling up the column of his throat and his own hips rocking in response to seeing the younger man pleasure himself whilst feeling the warm pulse around his fingers.

Using all of his strength and weight, Hannibal slowly leaned over Will and used his grip to bring Will to his knees, following close behind. Never once did he break the rhythm of his thrusting fingers. Once both on the floor he released his grip on the younger man and pressing a hand between Will's shoulder blades with a kiss there, too, he slowly bent him over, caging him in with his own burly limbs. His fingers were still buried deep inside the ex-agent, they slowly started to scissor with gentle motions.

On his knees, Hannibal blanketed over him, Will moaned into the air, hands on the ground, palms down, hips angled back against Hannibal's hand, arching against the older man.

"Please, Hannibal," he asked, not begging yet, but wanting either release, or more.

He would not make him beg, not on this their first time. It would be painful enough as it was for Will. Still, the cannibal smiled as the *near* beg of his name was cast upon the air. He pressed his cheek to his back for just a moment before trailing kisses down the dots of the younger man's spine as he moved to kneel upright.

The blood-red glow of the fire cast long, rolling shadows across glistening flesh.

Scissoring motions grew more bold in preparation, and in turn drew bolder sounds from the brunet underneath him. Watching him writhe and arch, Hannibal undid his belt and trousers, pushing them down just enough to free his thick and throbbing cock. Wetting his other palm he made sure his was positively dripping, tip to base before pressing the head against Will's hole - testing.

The tight wrung of muscle tensed, and then gave as Will dropped to his elbows, hands in hair, panting with his head dipped down, his body swallowing Hannibal's cock, slowly, never rushing. Hot spikes flew through his veins, a new sort of pain and pleasure.

Low groans became loud and breathless, broken notes cast upon the air as Hannibal watched Will fall under the weight of pleasure, his cock slowly burying itself to the hilt in his tight heat. The sensation was close to overwhelming as virgin muscles clenched around his cock drawing up a quick and pooling heat in the cannibal's core.

His long fingers wrapped themselves around the brunet's narrow hips, holding him steady until he felt the muscles relax just enough for him to start thrusting - slow and easy. As he picked up pace he smoothed one palm to press on the small of his back, wanting to feel every turn and roll of muscle in his exquisitely defined back.

Rolling his hips back to meet Hannibal's, slowly, Will's back arched, toes spread against the plush carpet, his head dropped to the side, watching Hannibal out of the corner of his eye. He reached back on hand to hold Hannibal's against his hip, a reassurance and a plea not to stop. Weathered hands against strong ones, Will squeezed and let go, holding himself up as Hannibal nodded once while his thrusts grew more rapid, long and teasing into rough and wanting. His whole body arched and rolled as his hips whipped against Will's ass and thighs, the sounds of smacking flesh filling the room.

Leaning over the smaller man's writhing frame, he kissed the back of his neck and gripped his shoulder as the other hand pulled back to land with a loud slap against his tender ass before petting down over the back of his thigh-down and up again.

He fucked down without mercy, eyes closed and head keening, he started to shake, sweat beading on his brow. The hand that was gripping his shoulder slid into the mess of dark curls, he grabbed a fistful and pushed the brunet further down. As Will's arm's finally gave out, the angle of Hannibal's thrusting cock deepened drawing a primal growl from the cannibal.

Chest against the rug now, Will's was tugged back by the tug of hair, nothing more than just his ass up at this point, as gasps escaped him, barely able to drag another breath in before Hannibal's thrust was pressing tight against his prostate again, causing that liquid heat to boil over. Will fell apart quickly, grasping at the rug as he writhed, moaning Hannibal's name.

Wrapping a strong arm around his middle, Hannibal felt every struggle and tremble of his undoing including the powerful pulse of clenching muscles around his cock.

Hannibal collapsed on top of Will, tugging dark hair tighter as his own hips rammed down with loud grunts. Surgically deft fingers skimmed over the head of the younger man's head cock and then brought the taste of his salty cum to his lips. With a husky moan the pooling heat in his core spilled over into a shuddering orgasm. Hannibal saw only white behind his eyes as he filled Will to overflowing with his seed, pearls of cum dripping down the inside of his thighs.

Shaking, Will collapsed under Hannibal's weight, puffing out breaths, while reaching a hand to find Hannibal's, to lock their fingers together, to seek that connection. He found it, latching on and closing his eyes, letting everything ease and meld together like a watercolor painting.

They were one, as they lay there, panting over one another in front of the dying flames. Hannibal released his grip on Will, kissing over his shoulders as he eased out of him and lay

back, inviting the younger man to crawl over and beside him. A place to just be.

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Hannibal looked up moments before there was a rapid knock at the door. Gerard was early, as predicted. Hannibal untied his apron, set his knives down and took a moment before turning his gaze towards Will, who had on a nicer button up shirt, no flannel today, a hue of blue to match his eyes, and rolled to the elbows. His gaze shifted to meet Hannibal's and he his hand curled around the hunting knife he'd gone to keeping at on his belt.

Hannibal smiled as he walked over, fingers brushing where Will's held his belt and kissed the corner of his lips, a brief current of lustful knowing flowing back and forth. He looked over his shoulder to where the plastic was laid out in the living room and moved to answer the door.

Hannibal greeted Gerard with an unusual level of enthusiasm which the young man lapped up but this merely allowed Hannibal to wrap a strong arm around his shoulders and guide him towards his death. He paused briefly to thank Gerard for the plain labeled beer, promising to pour a glass for them each after settling them in by the fire for surely he must be cold after such a long drive.

The second his boot landed on the plastic the young man looked down but Hannibal already had him in a headlock, his gaze locked with Will's. Nothing was said, nothing needed to be.

Red splattered the plastic just as quickly as Gerard had been captured, blood oozing from his neck, down his nice, new, pristine white shirt, staining it quickly in splotches. The man sank to his knees without a scream, eyes wide with shock and mouth gaping that soon became just another font for free-flowing blood. Hannibal shifted over him and laid him down to drown in a pool of his own blood, just like a fish gasping for air.

Turning he looked at Will, that same lustful knowing flowing easily between them as he offered his bloodstained fingers to Will, who sucked them into his mouth, tongue chasing around them slowly.

A taste of their first kill together.

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